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SOUTHERN REGIONAL BROADBAND ALLIANCE

BY

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON



THE LIBRARY
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LOS ANGELES

Must learn to acquiesce, forgive

Cordially,

Harry Webb Farrington



POEMS FROM FRANCE

(ILLUSTRATED)

ROUGH & BROWN SERIES No. 1

Grateful thanks for the use of all of the illustrations with the exception of "Feind L'avi" and "Bally Shannon", which were loaned by "Everyland", are due to "La France" Magazine, New York City.

POEMS FROM FRANCE

By

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON



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FOREWORD

Many would-be authors understand the feelings of Roosevelt when impatient to write more books, he was told by some critics that his "works were interesting but not literary", for after a lecture-recital of many of the poems herein, one reported that "the rhymes were human, spiritual and patriotic, but of no literary value."

True, none have been printed in the big magazines. Timidity prevented their sending; some, however, have appeared in the Boston Transcript; but it is because they have seemed to find an acceptance in the minds and hearts of so many children and youth, and there has been such a sincere and insistent demand on the part of principals and teachers for a substantial book with notes and illustrations, that this modest volume has been published.

These poems are dedicated to the many American boys and girls whose attentive faces and whole-souled appreciation have inspired the author to interpret them with all the feeling they contain for him. They are consecrated to the distant thousands of children in Europe, the Near and Far East whose needs have compelled him to say:

"I CANNOT SLEEP."

I cannot sleep.
All through the night
Frail figures creep
Before my sight:
Children, children, children stare
With sunken eyes and glassy glare:
Stunted, starved and spiritless,
Huddled in their helplessness.
Go, go, sweet sleep,
With speed of light
Across the deep,
Tonight! Tonight!

I cannot eat,
At every place,
My glances greet
A famished face:
Children, children, children stand
From each stricken foreign land,
Marking every move I make,
Watching every bite I take,
Up bread and meat,
Away, and race
With death! Defeat
Him: else, disgrace.

I cannot smile.
For aught I try,
I hear the while
A bitter cry:
Children, children, children pray
Shorn of strength to laugh and play;
Calling for their clothes and bread,
Finding cold and stones instead,
Then mile on mile,
Like lightning fly!
Go, bid them smile.
For help is nigh.

I cannot spend
Or hoard away;
I cannot lend
My gold for pay.
Children from across the seas,
See me in my wealth and ease;
How can I escape their eyes,
Or muffle their heart-rending cries?
God help me end
It! Here I lay
Half my goods. Send
It! To-day!



INTRODUCTION

A cataclysm like the great war, shaking the entire civilized world, is calculated to evoke manifold manifestations of the human spirit. Emotions are excited, passions aroused and aspirations awakened that before had lain dormant beneath the threshold of consciousness. Even had we not been drawn into it, the titanic struggle could not have failed to leave its impress upon American literature. This is particularly true of our verse, for the poet has ever been and must forever remain the true interpreter of human emotions. Before, during and after the struggle many an exultant, many a plaintive, alas also many a bitter cry was wrung from some American singer.

Among these, the author of this little volume may not stand pre-eminent from the stand-point of technique, but there are certain characteristics of his work that set upon it the mark of a real distinctiveness. "Rough and Brown" in tone and texture, these verses are none the less rare in the loftiness of spirit, their sweetness and soundness of sentiment and their singleness of purpose. They breathe an optimism undaunted and untainted by the horrors and the barbarities with which at times perforce they deal. In almost every instance their high, clear note rings out determined and triumphant, rarely lugubrious unless with a gleam of hopefulness, never maudlin and never acrid.

I do not count myself a critic; hence I shall say no more of Farrington's contribution to our war literature, if such the little lyrics may be deemed. I am entitled, however, to speak of the impression they have made upon me and others. I have no doubt most of these poems were written aloud, for they belong to that category of graphic verse that seems written to be recited. It chanced that I read them before I heard them, but each stanza both vocalized and visualized itself as I read. Accordingly there remained no surprise for me when I beheld six hundred

children hang breathless with eager, parted lips and moistened, shining eyes upon Farrington's recitation of them.

It has been my good fortune to introduce the author to something like three hundred thousand children in some three hundred and fifty school assemblies, in addition to thousands of adult auditors reached through our regular lecture platforms. It would be futile to quote from the hundreds of appreciations that have resulted. Let it suffice to say that from these reactions, I know beyond a peradventure that this little volume embodies in homely form an inspiring and ennobling message.

I am loath to close this introduction, which I am glad to be privileged to write, without giving utterance to a thought born of the hour when this volume goes to press. Within the last few days there have passed from our midst two rare spirits, one a prelate of the Roman church, the other a naturalist whose temple was the out-of-doors,—Cardinal Gibbons and John Burroughs. Both these were laid away with every mark of reverent affection from widely divergent and comprehensive elements of our nation. In a day and among people where this could happen, I think it is safe to believe that the author of "In Biscay Bay," "No Bread For The Birds," "Cher Ami" and "Feind L'Avi," and all that ranges between those tender little animal episodes and the stately lines of "Joan of Arc" has fairly gauged the emotional gamut of his fellow-countrymen.

ERNEST L. CRANDALL

New York,

April twelfth,

Nineteen hundred and twenty-one.

Director of Lectures

Board of Education.

FRANCE CALLS TO ME

1

Across the sea,
There comes the call
Of France to me.
I hear the muffled, tender sound
Of little children, underground;
Denied, bereft of everything:
The right to learn, to play, and sing.
Dear little child
Across the sea,
I'll come to sing
And play with thee.

2

From over there,
I hear the call
From France in prayer.
The woman calling for her mate,
Now widowed by war's cruel fate;
Brides, homeless, childless, all alone,
Are brooding o'er a pile of stone.
Heroic souls,
I'll come to share
Your bitter grief
And blind despair.

From over sea,
 There comes sad sound
 From France to me:
 The painful peal of broken bells,
 Now shattered by Satanic shells;
 The war-sick wind that wails and whines
 Through battered walls of sacred shrines.
 O House of Prayer,
 Where God's yet found!
 I'll help to heal
 Your wicked wound.

Beyond the Seine,
 I hear the cry
 Of France in pain.
 The shrieks from shell-hole, trench, and wire,
 Men crazed by gas and liquid fire;
 Dumb agonies from No-Man's Land,
 Low groans beneath the surgeon's hand.
 O stricken land,
 Where evils reign!
 Your call to me
 Is not in vain.

“THE CHICAGO.”

The old batteau,
The Chic-a-go
So very slow
To port Bordeaux;
When U-Boat throw
The tor-pe-do;
It ahead, by Joe
Of the Chic-a-go.



“O stricken land,” (Page 2).

IN BISCAY BAY

1

In Biscay Bay,
I saw a bird at sunset,
Near a hundred miles from shore;
West of the place where mine-fields lie,
South of the base where U-Boats ply;
Alight on deck where the guns were set,
And perch on the six-inch fore.

2

In Biscay Bay,
There fled a bird at sunset
To the air and field of fray;
Back to its mates who bravely sing,
Back to the land of the crutch and sling;
To perch in woods where the guns were set,
And sing with the birds who stay.

AT A PARIS APPLE STAND

Once the apples of France
Had the red of the rose;
They were kissed
On the cheeks by the sun;
Their faces were fair,
For they grew in the air,
Free of gas
And the smoke of the gun.

Now the apples of France
Have the bruises of blood;
They are mangled
And marred, every one.
From the day of their bloom,
They have lived in the gloom
Of the gas,
And the smoke of the gun.



THE PARIS PANTHEON.

NO BREAD FOR THE BIRDS

1

Little bird, don't follow me
'Round this pretty garden bed;
Back upon your barren tree,
Have you not the notice read,

2

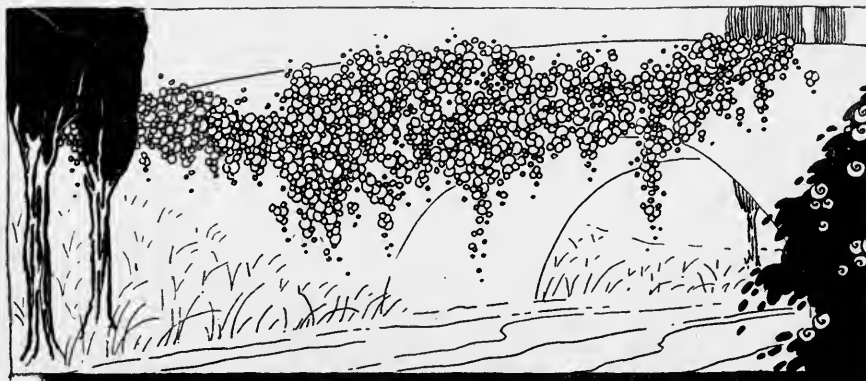
"Do not feed the birds with bread"?
Save it for the men at war.
We must keep them well and fed,
That is what the sign is for.

3

Spring is coming back again,
Fields and gardens must be dug;
You can help to save the grain,
Fighting moth, and worm, and bug.

Fly away then, build your nest,
Go while you are safe and free;
For your cousins, north and west,
Do not have a home or tree.

Little bird along the Seine,
When the warriors all are fled,
May be I'll come back again,
And I'll feed your children—bread.



“When the warriors all are fled,” (Page 7).

THEY BURIED HER AS A SOLDIER

1

They buried her there as a soldier,
This frail, tender woman
Who loved the French.
A hero's coffin will hold her,
So they laid her to rest
Near a front line trench.

2

They carried her there as a soldier,
This brave, fearless woman
Who served the French.
She had no rifle to shoulder,
But the cares of the men
From the front line trench.

3

They wept for her there as a soldier,
This shell-stricken woman
Who cheered the French.
She banished the horrors they told her
By her smile for the men
From the front line trench.

4

They thought of her there as a soldier,
This bright buoyant woman
Who charmed the French.
The colors of France will enfold her,
The flag of her boys
In the front line trench.

They honored her there as a soldier,
 America's woman
 Slain with the French.
 Her death made every heart bolder
 To save those back of
 The front line trench.



"CHER AMI" IN HIS CAGE IN WASHINGTON.

"It's hard a standing on one leg," (Page 16).

INTERCESSION

I know
As sure as falls the night,
At home, across the sea;
There kneels
A slender form in white,
To ask God's care of me.



TONY

1

Tony could not read or write,
Or hardly spell his name;
He came around the hut at night,
To play the picture-puzzle game.

2

Tony twice was stuck, and shot;
And then his time was spent,
Lying on a little cot,
With the colored supplement.

PONT WILSON

These solid bonds of native stone,
Which span the currents of the Rhone;
And with the others, bind in one
The many parts of Fair Lyon;
In silent symbol, represent
A Nation, through her President,
Which gave her wealth and soldiers, free,
To span the currents of a Sea,
And with Her Allied Sisters, bind
In one, the hearts of free mankind.



"In silent symbol represent
A Nation, through her President," (Page 11).

THREE GIFTS

1

I wish I had a world of things
Like books and toys and gowns,
I would I had the wealth of kings,
In jewels, robes, and crowns;
For if I were the man, who brings
The soldiers, drums, and clowns,
And fills the Christmas stockings,
In hamlets, burghs, and towns,
I'd bring or send you just the thing
You long have waited for;
And that would make two hearts to sing.
Now could I ask for more?

2

Yes—in this world of things and stuff,
Three priceless gifts are mine;
And were they yours 'twould be enough.
I come to make them thine.
One, is my own; the next, a hope;
The third, I point you to.
They are: my love, the love from friend,
And the love that dies for you.
So had I every gift to send,
And thine to be but three;
I'd send my love, the love from friend,
And the love that dies for thee.



A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL WITH CHRISTMAS TOYS.

"I would I had a world of things,
Like books and toys and gowns," (Page 12).

"CHER AMI," D. S. C.

1

Cher Ami, how do you do!
Listen, let me talk with you;
I'll not hurt you, don't you see?
Come a little close to me.

2

Little scrawny blue and white
Messenger for men who fight,
Tell me of the deep, red scar,
Just there, where no feathers are.

3

What about your poor left leg?
Tell me, Cher Ami, I beg.
Boys and girls are at a loss,
How you won that Silver Cross.

4

"The finest fun that came to me,
Was when I went with Whittlesey;
We marched so fast, got 'way ahead!
'I guess we're lost', the keeper said;

5

'Mon Cher Ami (that's my dear friend),
You are the one we'll have to send;
The whole battalion now is lost,
And you must win at any cost'.

6

So with the message tied on tight,
I flew up straight with all my might;
Before I got up high enough,
Those watchful guns began to puff.

7

Machine-gun bullets came like rain,
You'd think I was an aeroplane;
And when I started to the rear,
My! the shot was coming near!

8

But on I flew, straight as a bee,
The wind could not catch up with me;
Until I dropped out of the air,
Into our own men's camp, so there!"

9

But Cher Ami, upon my word,
You modest, modest little bird;
Now don't you know that you forgot?
Tell how your breast and leg were shot.

10

"Oh, yes, the day we crossed the Meuse,
I flew to Rampont with the news;
Again the bullets came like hail,
I thought for sure that I should fail.

11

The bullets buzzed by like a bee,
So close, it almost frightened me;
One struck the feathers of this sail,
Another went right through my tail.

12

But when I got back to the rear,
I found they hit me, here and here;
But that is nothing, never mind;
Old Poilu, there, is nearly blind.

13

All I care is what they said,
 For when they saw the way I bled,
 And found in front a swollen lump,
 The message hanging to this stump;

14

The French, and Mine, said, 'tres bien',
 Or 'very good'—American,
 'Cher Ami, you brought good news,
 Our Army's gone across the Meuse!

15

You surely had a lucky call!
 And so I'm glad, I guess that's all;
 I'll sit, so pardon me, I beg;
 It's hard a-standing on one leg."



THE LANGUAGE OF FRANCE

Great Charles the Fifth of Ancient Spain,
 The world would have thee say again:

That if thy words to God be 'dressed,
 The Spanish language is the best;

And when two lovers would commune,
 Italian sings the sweetest tune;

While soft and simple English words,
 Are better understood by birds;

The tongue of France best serves the end
 To give the thought and heart to friend.



PAUL BARTLETT'S STATUE OF LAFAYETTE.

“—the—friendship
with Fair France
—deep as our Lafayette,” (Page 35).

"FEIND L'AVI"

1

Tranquile, tranquile, Mon Feind l'Avi,
And make your tail keep still;
Come tell your bravest deed to me,
Now quickly, if you will.

2

Then I will buy some tender meat,
With this bright silver dollar,
If you will tell the wondrous feat
That won your golden collar.

3

"My master, Sergeant Jacquemin,
He is a brave zouave;
Like Colonel Ellsworth, *Americain*,
And many more you have.

4

One day the big shells fell so near
Our ammunition pile,
That every one began to fear
Its capture in a while.

5

Then Jacquemin jumped to his feet
At first word of command,
And started forward, *toute de suite*,
With fuses in his hand.

6

The shells were tearing up the ground,
But master did not mind;
He did not want his dog around,
So I kept far behind.

7

Before he reached that dangerous pile,
 There came a screeching sound;
 The smoke shot up about a mile,
 And he fell to the ground.

8

I hurried through that awful air
 To find just where he lay;
 But could not see him anywhere,
 And it was light as day!

9

I thought I heard a moaning sound,
 But it was hard to tell;
 I plunged my nose down in the ground,
 For dogs can surely smell.

10

I knew my Jacquemin was there,
 I heard his muffled cries;
 So never stopped to get fresh air
 Or dust out of my eyes,

11

But dug and dug with all my might
 To make my deep hole deeper;
 And everything got black as night
 As I got near my keeper.

12

I guess I stopped just once for breath
 And cleaned my mouth and tongue;
 But when I thought of master's death!
 I felt I should be hung.

13

Again my feet began to fly,
 The fresh dirt flew as fast;
 One minute more and he might die!
 How could my master last?

14

I snorted, whined, and gave a yelp,
Then stopped. His voice! Not dead!
He knew I heard his cry for help;
I dug straight for his head.

15

In fifteen seconds I was there;
Of course he could not see;
But when he drew a breath of air,
He tried to speak to me.

16

I hardly stopped to lick his face
Or hear the words he said;
But ran as if it were a race,
Just arrow-like I sped.

17

“What, back without your Jacquemin!”
All thought that he was dead.
They sent a stretcher with two men;
I barked and ran ahead.

18

They reached the place, looked on the ground,
But did not see a soul;
I had to bark, run 'round and 'round,
And point them to the hole.

19

You should have seen those soldiers dig,
And clear away the dirt!
They made the opening very big;
They knew that he was hurt.

20

They took him back behind the line,
And then real far away;
I tried hard not to weep and whine,
Because I had to stay.

21

A letter came one day for me,
 And this is what it said:
'Permission pour Feind l'Avi,
 I'm sitting up in bed.'

22

Well, now my master walks again,
 Is really well, you know;
 He has to limp and use a cane,
 And moves a little slow;

23

But if you find the little book,
 That has our photograph;
 You'll see the way we really look,
 And how we smile and laugh.

24

So still I have my Jacquemin,
 And you may keep your dollar;
 Although you heard in *Americain*,
 Just how I got my collar."



I DREAMED OF PEACE

1

Along the rapid river Rhone,
 In Hotel Dieu of ancient stone;
 The House of God, whence spirits fled,
 A hospital where wounded bled;
 While agonizing sufferers screamed,
 A stranger soldier, silent, dreamed.

2

His dream was not of shrieking shells,
 Nor suffocating, strangling smells;
 But of a cabin 'cross the sea,
 A pickaninny on his knee,
 A banjo with his favorite piece,
 A dream of home, and love, and peace.

3

Dear comrade with the mangled hand,
 Now gone to join the noble band
 Of warrior martyrs, slain, that we
 Might see the peace that came to thee:
 The dream of "peace on earth" is true,
 But greater peace has come to you.



"So still I have my Jacquemin," (Page 21).

BALLY SHANNON

1

Well, my full name is Bally O'Shannon;
I would like you to write it all down,
That my first work was on the police force
Of that fine old Dublin town.

2

I was born in the country of Ireland,
And an Irish stag-hound is my kind;
From my birth I was hunting and fighting,
But that's something I never did mind.

3

When the terrible war came, my master
Enlisted and hurried to France;
When they said that I could go with him,
The whole of me started to dance!

4

As a messenger-dog in the front line,
I fought in the army of France;
And ran in the dangerous places
Whenever they gave me the chance.

5

Not a dog in all of that army
Pretended that he was my match
In fooling the scouts and the snipers,
When I had an important dispatch.

6

'Till a day in the battle of Ypres,
 A cannon fell over on me;
 It was easy to take me a prisoner
 And send me to old Germany;

7

But when they found out I was crippled
 And could not jump over a trench,
 The next day they told me to "*allez*,"
 And started me back to the French.

8

Then alas, when I reached my old kennel,
 The news that was given to me,
 Was "Your master is seriously wounded,
 It's the Channel and Blighty for ye."

9

So they waited for him to be able
 To ride in the old ambulance,
 For it's nothing but bumpety-bumping
 On the highways of Belgium and France.

10

But it's fine and its jolly and easy
 To ride in a ship on the sea,
 With the floors and the decks so level
 And the ocean as smooth as can be.

11

But one day while I lay near my master
 A thinking of him getting well;
 The terrible things that I witnessed,
 Are hard for me now to tell.

12

First a man on the lookout shouted,
"A torpedo is coming ahead."
Then there came a noise like an earthquake,
And the wounded were pitched from their bed.

13

Soon the deck became like a hillside,
And all was in a commotion;
Then the claws of my paws kept a slipping,
'Till I slipped right into the ocean.

14

'Twas the last I saw of my master,
For no one was able to save
The sick and the poor wounded soldiers;
So the ocean became their grave.

15

Very soon a gallant young soldier
With the speech and the clothes of a Yank,
When he saw me a swimming towards him,
He just pulled me right onto his plank.

16

I am sure my new master did like me
For soon we were buddies and mates;
He told me that I was adopted
And would live in the United States.

17

So no longer my home is old Europe,
But New York and its fine Central Park;
There I get all the food I am wanting
And the license to run and to bark.

18

While I like to be hunting and fighting
And the terrors of battle a heap,
I prefer to be called a good watch-dog
With the job of tending the sheep.

19

And although the green land of Ireland
And blue France are fine to see,
The houses and hills of America
Are a little bit finer to me.

20

By the blood in my veins I am Irish
As a soldier for France I ran,
But now and forever and ever,
I'm a hundred percent American.



BALLY SHANNON TAKEN IN CENTRAL PARK, N. Y.

"With the job of tending the sheep," (Page 26).

THE ARMISTICE IN FRANCE

1

Hark to the clicking!
What message is this?
The incredible news
Of an armistice!

2

Quiet and stubborn
The soldiers receive it;
While madly and wildly
The people believe it.

3

France now is free, yes
At last she is free!
Great and Just God,
How true can it be?

4

Haste with the message
Over mountain and sea;
To brave Belgium, Alsace,
Then the Land of the Free.

5

Men in the prison,
The poor peasantry;
Tell them 'tis true
That our country is free.

6

Swift as a flash
At this long-awaited word;
Vanished the gleam
Of the Damoclean sword;

7

One, which a war
In the name of the Lord,
Hung over France
With the slenderest cord.

8

Out from the shop
 From the field and forum;
 Fling to the winds
 All reserve and decorum.

9

Title or nation,
 Whatever it be;
 Remember, today
 Our France was made Free.

10

Run in a riot
 And shout in a spree;
 Officer, soldier,
 Whoever you be.

11

Rolie and frolic
 With glorious glee;
 Dance like a wild
 And a turbulent sea.

12

Men from Morocco
 The Senegalee,
 Britain and Siam,
 Japan, Italy;

13

Chant in a great
 World melody;
 Vive la France!
 Fraternité!

14

Vive la France! Egalité!
 Vive la France! Liberté!
 Liberté, Liberté,
 Ah—Liberté!



WE REST IN CHATEAU-THIERRY

1

No, mother dearest,
The earth is not hard, here
About me;
It feels like the covers
You tucked in so close,
When you bent o'er the bedside,
And kissed me good-night;
For it's pressed by the tread
Of my buddies, who fell,
And the brave stretcher-bearers
Who found me.

2

No, my dear daddy,
The snow is not cold, here
About me;
I think of the feathers,
We slept in at home,
With the pure, clean counterpane
Spotless and white,
Like the smooth, shiny crust
On my favorite hill
Where we coasted and slid down
Together.

3

No, little sister,
 The stars are not harsh in
 Their shining,
 For they are the ones, who
 With Deborah's hosts
 And with Barak's men fought in
 Their courses to win;
 And they helped on the big hill,
 Belleau Woods and at Vaux;
 You must watch them, and love them
 As ever.

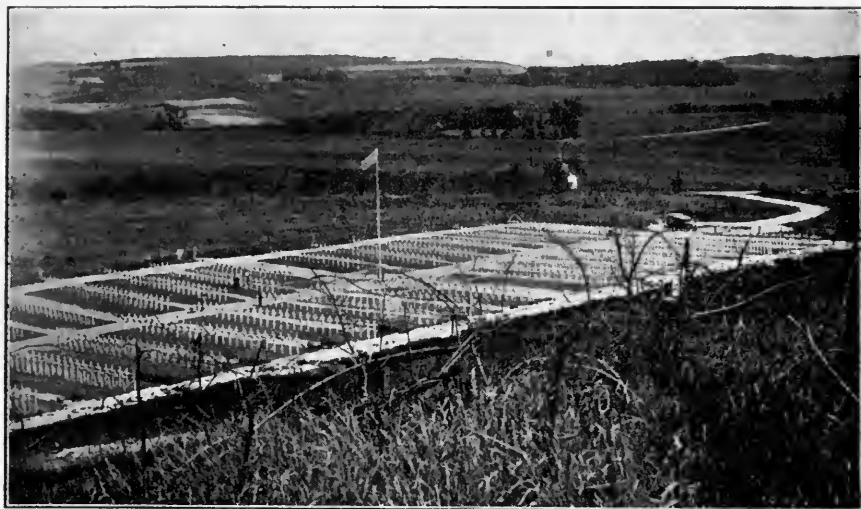
4

No, my brave brother,
 Think not I am sad and
 Unhappy;
 For this is the town where
 Jean Fontaine was born.
 He has left in the air, all
 The princes, the elves,
 And the animals, too,
 For they act all his stories
 To me every day; I
 Am happy.

5

No, mother dearest,
 Your son is not slighted,
 Neglected;
 Each day come our boys, and
 They pass not a tag,
 Many choke as they read them,
 And send us a thought.
 Yes, those big strapping fellows
 Shed tears, for they feel
 We are dead and forgotten
 Forever.

Yes, precious mother,
 Your boy has a mother's
 Remembrance.
 These wonderful mothers
 Of France, stricken too,
 Come with flowers, and wreaths
 Made of glass, and they utter
 A prayer, and call me their son.
 Do not worry, dear mother,
 We are resting in
 Chateau-Thierry.



AN AMERICAN CEMETERY AT BELLEAU WOODS.

"The roots of the union—are spread
 Like—wood crosses on mounds of our distant dead," (Page 35).

"Your boy has a mother's remembrance," (Page 32).

"Said the men beneath the sod," (Page 37).

HELP OF THE HILLS

1

Into thy bosom, thou
High Alpine Hills,
Wearied and worn with
The war that I flee;
Gladly I come for thy
Quietness stills
The tense throbbing tumults
That sent me to thee.

2

Capped with the chaste clouds,
Clear lakes at thy feet,
Girded with garments of
Green grass and tree;
Sound is the slumber
And soothing the sleep,
Given to guests who
Go up unto thee.

3

Fare, fare thee well, thou
Faint forested forms,
Source and the symbol of
Strength unto me;
Seeing thy sides shroud
With sunshine and storms,
Helped me to Him, who
Made Heaven and thee.

YOU AND I

1

We romped the fields together,
Beneath the April sky;
You would seek the daisy,
And, I the butterfly;
Joying in the weather,
You and I.

2

We went to school as sweethearts,
Beneath the teacher's eye;
You would send me glances,
And I would make reply;
Heedless of his eye-darts,
You and I.

3

We stood before the altar
Beneath the spire, high;
You were dressed in white, dear,
And I was standing by,
Heedless of a falter,
You and I.

4

We live in joy together,
The years are hastening by;
But you are still my sweetheart,
And I, your lover, aye
Forever and forever,
You and I.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP

1

The Roots
Of the flower of friendship,
With Fair France
Since the plant was set,
Have become as old
As Rochambeau,
And deep as our Lafayette.

2

The Mesh
Of the roots of the union,
Of the two
Free-made soils are spread,
Like glass-bead wreaths
And wood crosses,
On mounds of our distant dead.

3

The Bloom
And the Seed of the flower,
Are children
Of the war's romance,
In the native homes
That our soldiers,
Have built with the maids of France.

WHO WON THE WAR?

Who won the great war,
Who beat the foe?
"I," said the French,
Standing in their
Narrow trench;
"I laid him low
With my tiger, Clemenceau;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who chased the foe?
"I," said the Italian,
Sitting on his
Blooded stallion;
"I brought him low
With my bald D'Annunzio;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who stopped the foe?
"I," said Great Britain,
At her tea-cups
Calmly sittin';
"I held him low
With Lloyd George and Jellicoe;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who foiled the foe?
"I," said the Japanese,
In Shantung up
To their knees;
"I kept him low
With my plans from Tokio;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who tricked the foe?
"I," said the Russian,
His bushy beard
A brushin';
"I made him go
Where he got the knock-out blow;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who fooled the foe?
"I," said the Yanks
From their dug-outs
And their tanks;
"I laid him low
With our President Woodrow;
I won the war."

Who won the great war,
Who checked the foe?
"I," the Belgian said,
From their city
Of the dead;
"I brought him low,
With what brought my country woe;
I won the war."

"You won the great war,
You laid him low!
By the living God,"
Said the men
Beneath the sod;
"We brought him low
By the blood he caused to flow;
We won the war."

THE FACE OF FRANCE

1

Yesterday

Our France was fair,
Like a gracious girl,
With a joyous air;

Yesterday

A smile was there,
With laughing eyes
And wind-tossed hair.

For her waving locks and soft, light hair,
Were the trees and the grain in the summer air;
And her deep red cheeks and laughing eyes,
Were the sun-kissed clouds of the bright, blue skies.

Yesterday

Our France was fair;
Her face was free
From the lines of care.

2

But to-day

Our France is marred,
Like a widowed girl
From her mate debarred;

Ah, to-day

Her face is scarred
With hollowed cheeks
And wrinkles hard,

For her hollowed cheeks and sunken eyes
Are the deep shell-holes, where her glory lies;
And the hard, drawn lines on her once smooth brow,
Are the furrowed fields of the trenches now.

And to-day

Our France is marred;
Her face from the gaze
Of the world is barred.

To-morrow
 Our France is strong,
 Like a girl mature
 Who has conquered wrong:

To-morrow
 She sings a song,
 In tune with the sound
 Of the Builder's throng.
 For the serious song from her finer face,
 Is the sound of restoring her ravished place;
 And her chastened color and deeper eyes,
 Are the features seen where a New France lies.

To-morrow
 Our France is strong,
 Mature, noble woman
 Who conquered wrong.



IRON HEELS

I faintly hear
 The rasping sound
 Of hob-nailed shoes,
 On stony ground;
 And million marks
 Of iron nails
 I see, in mud
 Of soldier trails.

The Iron Man
 Of Iron Hands
 And Heels, is bound
 In foreign lands;
 Now marks in mud
 On road and street,
 Are heels and toes
 Of children's feet.



"Where a New France lies." (Page 39).

TEAM WORK

I saw
Two wounded poilus
A coming
Down the street;
One was
Pushing the other
In a
Wheel-chair seat;
The man
Behind was blind;
The other
Had lost his feet.



THE TIDES

1

When the tides of the sea go out,
Out where no one knows;
Barnacled bowlders, and sea-weedy stones,
Queer crawling crabs, and dead fish-bones,
Litter the floor
Of the uncovered shore,
When the tides of the sea go out.

2

When the tides of the sea come in,
No one knows from where;
Wind-wrinkled eddies, surf born of the breeze,
Quick creeping currents, and swelling seas,
Cover the floor
Of the unsightly shore,
When the tides of the sea come in.

JOAN OF ARC

1

Delicate Daughter of Domremy,
Thy friends were the lily,
The bird, and the tree;
The colts and the cattle
Companioned with thee;
The vines and the clouds,
An arched canopy,
Was Out-of-Door's mantle,
That hung over thee,
Delicate Daughter of Domremy.

2

Meek Martyred Maiden of Orleans,
The day when the Visions
And Voices began;
Thy God-given place was
The King's Army van.
Thy comrades were men,
Thy role was a man,
With sword and the cuirass
Of Warriors' clan,
Meek Martyred Maiden of Orleans.

Virgin Victorious of New Versailles,
Thy Soul from the faggots
Still flames in the sky;
The living, with those who
On Battlefields lie,
Again for thy faith
And thy leadership cry
To crown a New France, France
That never can die,
Virgin Victorious of New Versailles.



PERMISSION METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

"The day when the Visions—began," (Page 42).

NOTES

(Poems and pictures should speak for themselves; however at the request of many teachers for the setting of these poems, the following notes have been written.)

FRANCE CALLS TO ME, (Page 1.)

While addressing the soldiers of a dozen eastern camps, trying to give them in simple language our motives for entering the war, and attempting to remove conscientious objections, the call came to me. One day as the strains of the Marseillaise floated in my window, I saw a little red-coated naturalized American climbing up the rain-spout and on the shutters, to collect for The Red Cross. His chatter came like a rebuke. The example of the monkey coming upon the strains of the great anthem, opened my eyes and ears to the visions and sounds of the poem.

The author is grateful to the critics who say this poem gives the reason for America entering the war, for he wishes the boys and girls of America to believe that our two million men and women went across the sea, not merely for self defense, conquest, commerce or adventure, but in the interest of fair play, to heed the call of dwarfed childhood, sorrowing woman-hood, desecrated religion and sacrificed men.

THE CHICAGO, (Page 3).

This jingle is included at the request of many teachers and children. The Chicago was one of the slower boats of The "*Compagnie Generale Transatlantique*," impressed as a transport. Here is a fanciful reason why we were not torpedoed going over. No torpedo could be timed slow enough to hit her. It would always go ahead of the boat.

IN BISCAY BAY, (Page 4).

About 5 o'clock, the night before we landed in Bordeaux, a little bird came on board and perched on the foreward gun, stayed twenty minutes, then returned to France. This is the story of France's darkest hour in the early spring 1918 and America's help when most needed. Leaving its mates in the woods on the front, just when France was preparing to give up

Paris as the capital, it flew seawards. Seeing what was on the ship: soldiers, arms and stores, it returned to its mates with mingled shame and joy, telling them to sing on.

AT A PARIS APPLE STAND, (Page 5.)

The apples in the market place were gnarled, wrinkled and specked, and yet the blush of red was on them. Just so, the people and fields of France were wounded and wrinkled by grief and the trenches. Even in war, France tried to be gay and reflect the colors of the sky and sun.

NO BREAD FOR THE BIRDS, (Page 6.)

During the air-raids and the first bombardment of Paris, the bread was so scarce that the people were forbidden to feed, as was their custom, the birds in the park. In Luxembourg Gardens I saw this sign "*Ne Donnez Pas De Pain Aux Oiseaux.*" The plight of the birds gives the tragedy, heroisms and fruits of war.

THEY BURIED HER AS A SOLDIER, (Page 8.)

Never was there a war in which women took such a large and real part. Miss Marion Crandall of the Foyers du Soldat, The Y. M. C. A. of the French Army, was the first American woman to be killed in the war. Wrapped in a French flag, she was given a military funeral, and was buried in the Soldiers Cemetery in St. Menchould.

INTERCESSION, (Page 10.)

In the quiet and solitary moments, that came to every soldier, he was conscious that away across the sea, his most anxious loved one was praying for him.

TONY, (Page 10.)

I have seen in our camps, boys so illiterate, that they would spend hours piecing together the discarded puzzle games sent in with books and magazines. It was these simple-hearted lads, who when the supreme test came, lived the life heroic, and were souls superlative. After such a strenuous life, these immigrant children or sons of foreign-born parents, returned

to the simple life, quietly and patiently suffering in the hospitals, and amusing themselves, looking at the funny pages in the old Sunday newspapers sent across.

PONT WILSON, (Page 11.)

This poem was first recited July 14, 1918, Bastille Day (the author's birthday), in Grand Theatre, Lyons, before Ambassador Sharp, Mayor Herriot, Consul Carrigan and the assembled people at the dedication of Wilson Bridge. It was spoken by Henri Brodin, aged 13, of the Lycee Ampere and was the only English addressed officially to the Ambassador that day. The American regiment led by General Alexander with the band playing the thrilling Bagley's "National Emblem," was the first to march across. The pictures of the bridge and the poem were framed and sent to President Wilson at Paris. Pont Wilson, next to Pont Lafayette, is one of the many bridges which holds together the great silk city, divided by the swift Rhone and the gentle Soane. It is a suggestive symbol of America's effort to help hold together the liberty-loving nations and peoples of the world.

THREE GIFTS, (Page 12).

There is nothing more important in life than the making and keeping of friends. This poem was written at Christmas when I was wishing to give something to my many friends: boys and girls. Unlike toys and things friends will not rust or break up. They are the greatest riches in this life. They will follow us into the life beyond.

CHER AMI, (Page 14).

Among the American carrier pigeon heroes of the war such as Lafayette, Poilu, Spike and Pershing, none were more famous than "Cher Ami." The picture was taken in Washington, where, by Government orders, he is afforded the finest care. In the Argonne Forest drive, the battalion of the 307th Infantry under Major Whittlesley got so far ahead, that communications were cut off. The American barrage fire fell among them instead of the enemy. For six days they were in the Bois de Beuge, suffering for lack of food and from the shell-fire. Their men could not get through. Three of their pigeons were released but in vain. They put a message on their last pigeon, Cher Ami. He got through safely and "*saved the battalion.*" Later when the army crossed the Meuse River for the first time and stormed the heights, Cher Ami was sent to Rampont with the news. Just as he reached the proper altitude, he began to fall. All thought he was

killed. He wavered for a few seconds, then started home flying 40 kilometers in 25 minutes. When they found him in the coop, his breast was torn and his left leg was dangling by the tendons. It had to be removed. He had done his work. Nursed back to health, he was sent to Washington, his home for life.

THE LANGUAGE OF FRANCE, (Page 16).

Charles the Fifth of Spain said, "Speak Spanish to God, Italian to your sweetheart, English to your birds...and French to your friends."

FEIND L' AVI, (Page 18).

The work of the dogs was a brilliant page in the history of the war. Jacquemin was an Algerian Zouave Sergeant. He and Feind l'Avi, were inseparable. Feind is German, meaning "enemy;" l'Avi, corrupt French means "watch"—"watcher of the enemy." Jacquemin was sent to blow up an ammunition pile which was threatened. Before he reached it, an enemy shell struck it, exploding it, and Jacquemin was buried in seven or eight feet of earth in the trench. With wonderful sagacity, Feind dug down towards his master so hard and fast, that he wore his paws to the bone. He brought him air before he smothered. He howled for help in vain, then ran back to the next trench. He led the stretcher bearers to the hole. At the hospital when Jacquemin became rational, he called for his dog. The picture shows them just after he recovered. For this heroic deed the French Society for Protecting Animals gave Feind a beautiful golden collar.

I DREAMED OF PEACE, (Page 21).

When in the city of Lyons, I was called to the ancient French Hospital, Hotel Dieu, to see an American colored soldier. He was Wm. Flood, private in Co. H. 369th Reserve Infantry. One arm was gone and he was fatally stricken with pleurisy. I visited him several times. At his request and much to the reverent wonder of the French patients, I sang with a colored comrade next to him some of the hymns precious to their faith. When told the night before he died that peace was near, with a beautiful light in his eye and a sweet smile from the show of his perfect teeth said, "You know last night I dreamed of peace." With soldiers to fire a salute, he was buried near other Americans in a cemetery in the city.

BALLY SHANNON, (Page 23).

This is a real story of a real dog, and like many people from across the sea, Bally became an American. This poem or rather "doggerel," included

at request of many teachers, is faithful to the facts of his life. "The American who shared his plank was so impressed with the dog's patient courage that after he was rescued, he adopted Bally and brought him to America." His last home was Central Park, N. Y., under the care of Tom Hoey, the park shepherd.

THE ARMISTICE IN FRANCE, (Page 27).

Nov. 11, 1918, while a remarkable day in America, was more memorable in France. These visions and exultations which came to me that night while in my barracks, but faintly express what the people of France felt.

WE REST IN CHATEAU THIERRY, (Page 30.)

This poem was written during a visit in the winter of 1918 to the graves of Belleau Woods and Chateau Thierry. This was the town where Fontaine the writer of the Fables was born and lived. I saw and felt all the things in this poem and it is my deep wish that they will bring comfort to those whose brothers and sons lie in this holy ground. The poem was written before and has nothing to do with the publicity campaign to "keep our boys in France." While I have often thought that we need all of them here to hallow and consecrate our own cemeteries, for there are in comparison with the other countries, only a few for each American town, yet France through her Government and the people who visit or live near by, will guard and care for them as though they were their own sons.

HELP OF THE HILLS, (Page 33).

The wounded and sick were cared for by the splendid welfare organization: Red Cross, Y. M. C. A; Y. W. C. A; Knights of Columbus; Jewish Welfare Board and Salvation Army. The beautiful hills and mountains where these resorts and hospitals were situated, were curative to the body and inspiring to the soul. The soldiers say with the Psalmist "I will look unto the Hills. Whence cometh my Help?"

YOU AND I, (Page 34).

Many a fireside was left lonely, for sons and grandsons were either buried near the front or fighting. Here is a picture of grand parents still "ardent and true," watching the embers of the wood and their own hearts glow as they review the happy drama of their own lives.

THE FLOWER OF FRIENDSHIP, (Page 35).

We can understand with Franklin, who said that "every man has two mother countries: his own and then France," why Americans should especially love France. This love was planted with the coming of Lafayette. This root has deepened with age, and has now spread like a mesh by the graves of our boys who are buried in so many parts of her soil. Despite the unhappy things that follow in the wake of an army on the soil of an ally, thousands of French and Americans have inter-married, making the two countries more friendly and intimate.

WHO WON THE WAR?, (Page 36).

Only after sincere request from teachers of Day and Evening Schools, is this cartoon included. Soon after my return, when addressing assemblies of the schools, in response to "Who Won the War?", with great voice they answered "The Americans!" Now their second thought is, "The Allies." These verses should help our youth to know that the real victors were those who cannot speak for themselves, but whose blood of sacrifice cries out for them.

THE FACE OF FRANCE, (Page 38)

This poem was written the night of the armistice when the devastated country came as a vision of a once beautiful girl, now disfigured by grief and assault, but transfigured in countenance through the beauty of character by service and suffering. It was first recited in the University of Lyons, before a convocation of French and American students, by Madame Moreno-Argenson of the Paris Comedie Francaise.

IRON HEELS, (Page 39).

The first time I saw the muddy roads marked by the hob nails of the soldiers, they seemed as the "Dragon's teeth" sown by the God of War. After the modern God of War had been held in a foreign land, again the road became marked by children playing, going on errands and wending their way to school.

TEAM WORK, (Page 41).

After the Armistice, France did all she could to help herself. With hundreds of thousands of cripples she set about to prepare them to do some-

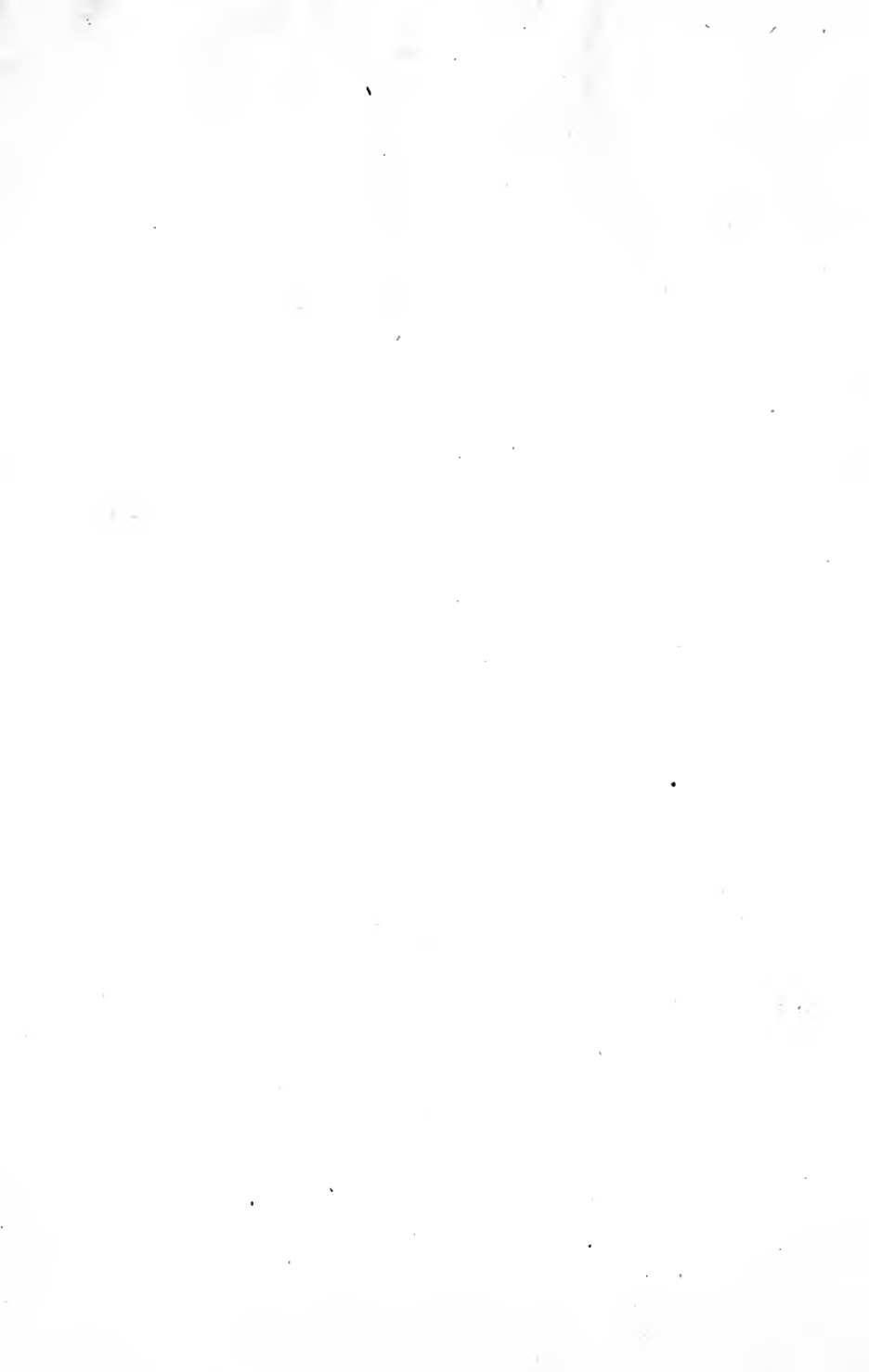
thing useful. This little picture but faintly suggest the spirit of France and what the wounded, instead of filling the streets in the role of beggars and peddlers, are doing for themselves and others.

THE TIDES, (Page 41).

A picture along the rocky sea-shore. It may be a picture without a lesson. I would not wish to convey the idea that I have a belief in the alternating tide-like recurrence of war and peace, that at stated intervals the world in all of its horrors is exposed and afterwards it is covered by a flood-tide of idealism. Rather would I have it that an ugly and broken life, when covered by the divine forgiveness has become united with that larger life which reaches into the Beyond.

JOAN OF ARC, (Page 42).

This vision like many others was flashed upon me where and when I was too busy and weary to finish it. Born in France, it was reared in America. Strangely, after it was finished, I discovered that the three visions corresponded to those of La Page's Masterpiece in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Joan tells the story of France in her own life: Domremy—out of doors, reflecting the beauty of natural and animal life; Orleans—a soldier from necessity and not choice; Versailles—she and not Napoleon brooded over the palace. Where once luxury and aristocracy ruled, now Militarism has given place to the hope of a real democracy. Upon this saint, so much like an American for she was athletic, democratic and religious, for she kept in touch with the big wholesome out-of-doors, with all sorts and conditions of men, and with God, does France build her new foundations.



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